

PALL MALL

May publications

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Eagles' heads from Jerusalem

M. SPITZER (Editor): *The Bird's Head Hagadah of the Ben-Zvi National Art Museum in Jerusalem*. Vol. 1: Introduction. 159pp. 52 plates. Vol. 2: Facsimile. 94 plates. Jerusalem: Tarshish Books. £45.

More than any other book, it was the illuminated Hagadah, the ritual celebrating the Festival of the Passover in the home, known as the *Seder*, which provided most scope for the artist to exercise his talents and endear himself to the more affluent members of the Jewish community. Its popularity may be compared with the numerous copies of Psalters and Books of Hours which circulated so extensively in Christendom.

Recensions of the Hagadah may be roughly divided into two classes: the Sephardi or Iberian, and the Ashkenazi or Central European, it being understood that both those categories extended far more widely than the geographical limits imposed by their respective epithets. The Sephardi tradition of illuminated Hagadahs was far richer than its Ashkenazi counterpart. It was distinguished by the inclusion of a

repertory of biblical illustration which was usually placed at the beginning of the volume, and which illustrated the salient events narrated in the Hebrew Bible from the Creation down to the time of the Exodus. Sometimes the range of illustration was restricted to events described in the Book of Exodus only, beginning with the first chapter and continuing to the Exodus from Egypt. On the other hand, the Ashkenazi tradition of illuminated Hagadahs was more limited in its scope and contracted in area. Instead of a well-defined set of biblical illustrations, the artist was forced to relegate his depiction of selected scenes from the Hebrew Bible within the narrow confines of the margin, which necessarily cramped his style. An additional curb was put upon him by rabbinical authority prohibiting the representation of the human figure. As a result we are confronted, as in the Bird's Head Hagadah, with the deadly uniformity of the birds' heads, a poor substitute for the infinite variety of the human face. (The interdiction was fortunately disregarded with the passage of time.) Both artists were, however, able

to exploit the calligraphic possibilities of the Hebrew alphabet, comparable in its monumental quality with the lettering on the Trajan Column, by which means they could counter a panache even upon an unilluminated manuscript. As late as 1860, when that ripe Hebrew scholar Adolf Neubauer published his *Catalogue of the Hebrew Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library and the College Libraries of Oxford*, he dismissed as a few lines the incomparable illuminated Kennicott Bible no. 1, one of the glories of Oxford. A new era dawned with the appearance in Vienna in 1898 of *Die Hagadah von Sarajevo: eine spanisch-jüdische Bilderhandschrift des Mittelalters*. Together with its indispensable volume of facsimiles, this edition at once pioneering and of fundamental importance, was an admirable product of corporate scholarship. While D. H. Müller and Julius von Schlosser concerned themselves with the text and pictures, it was left to David Kaufmann to round the book off with an appendix entitled "Zur Geschichte der jüdischen Handschrift-illustration", which the passage of more than seventy years has not succeeded in superseding. Within the compass of some fifty pages, he produced a masterly survey of a hitherto unexplored subject, which has since proved an unfailing source of inspiration to scholars in the same field. Three decades were to elapse before another facsimile edition, this time of the Darmstadt Hagadah, appeared in Leipzig in 1927 under the capable hands of the late Bruno Haffner, in which the high standards set by the earlier volume were worthily maintained. In this edition, also the result of corporate scholarship, room was even found for a description of the binding. To complete the record, a second and fuller facsimile edition of the Sarajevo Hagadah (printed in Yugoslavia) appeared in London in 1963, with an introduction by Dr. Cecil Roth, and a similar edition of the Kaufmann Hagadah no. 422, with a brief description by Rabbi Dr. Alexander Scheiber, made its appearance in Budapest in 1957.

The present edition of the Bird's Head Hagadah in Jerusalem is the most recent of its kind. Like two of its predecessors it represents the corporate efforts of a team of scholars. Contributors include the editor and Dr. Bezalel Narkiss, writing a general description of the manuscript together, the latter also contributing

who have gone back beyond them to the Constructivist example and are thus producing work much more in line with what is now being done in the west.

The sad fact, as nearly all Mr. Berger's critics have hastened to point out, is that Neizvesty's actual sculptures are not impressive enough to provide a firm foundation for the argument. Admittedly Mr. Berger goes a good way to admit this, for he realizes that the Zaidkine-Lipschitz tradition in which they lie is now moribund, and that the Russian revolutionary pioneers themselves would have judged them old-fashioned. Moreover the point about Neizvesty is not that he is anything very special as a sculptor (any more than is Glinert Graves, whom he in some ways resembles), but that he has shown really marvellous courage and obstinacy in defending his position against the Russian establishment, from Khrushchev downwards; indeed Mr. Berger's account of this struggle is the core of the book. All the same, we are continually being brought up against the sculptures, which for some reason are often repeated, so that the same photograph of the same work from the same angle will appear at two or even three points in the argument. For all the excellence of the photography they look second-rate.

This would matter less if Mr. Berger were simply presenting Neizvesty as an illustration of the lamentable results of Socialist Realism, together with the extraordinary qualities of character by which the Russians may yet be able to overcome them. But he is doing rather more than that. Not only are the claims for individual works liable to be pitched too high but the "role" given to Neizvesty is an altogether larger one. He is seen communicating his preoccupation with the dialectic of death and life; and his underlying theme is said to be the endurance necessary to resolve this. Because of all that the Soviet Union means in the struggle against imperialism and exploitation, such endurance is of worldwide relevance, so that

the best of his work reveals and expresses an essential part of the experience being lived by millions of people, more especially millions in the three exploited continents. This claim rests on an excessively optimistic view both of Neizvesty's power to convey such themes and of the present international role of the U.S.S.R. It seems a pity that it should have been made. For what matters above all is that Neizvesty incorporates the present problems of art in one of the most important countries in the world, reflecting an ethic and a social organization very different from ours. This is a deeply serious subject, and Mr. Berger is well equipped to deal with it. He ought to have left it at that.

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Postwar Panorama

GUILLAM: *A Place in the Moon*. 360pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

A Place in the Moon was the first of an ambitious trilogy. A Country is the second. It took its large cast of characters through the war years in course much more at home in the past. It is still alive. He moves the whole of these illustrations, the author has saddled her occasion for drawing together members of the family, back to the British Army of a children who would regard a humourless integrities, rather than a stream of Hebrew (not to be before the banquet arrived, was specially catered for. It was a great occasion when the group of the illustration, the planation too of the sublimity of group of human beings much of Talmudic casuistry.

It must be confessed that the manuscript itself is anticlimactic. It appears to be not improved with the passage of time, in no doubt due to the obligatory four copies of the manuscript. The copy bears witness to its use (it was certainly not a glass case). The edition is beautifully printed. The introductory volume in French and the facsimiles in German in Vienna, but the price is very high for two slender volumes. Mistakes are very few. *Klausener* for *Klausner* in the introductory volume in French; what has been read as *philly* and something like their old life. Silver wine coasters are the trans-literation of *McPherson* on page 120 is inconsistent with more correct forms given on the same page: the form *Mühlen* for *Möhlen* in the text. Moellin of Moellin raises doubt as to the validity of the text. The index is very high for two slender volumes. Mistakes are very few. *Klausener* for *Klausner* in the introductory volume in French; what has been read as *philly* and something like their old life. Silver wine coasters are the trans-literation of *McPherson* on page 120 is inconsistent with more correct forms given on the same page: the form *Mühlen* for *Möhlen* in the text. Moellin of Moellin raises doubt as to the validity of the text. The index is very high for two slender volumes. Mistakes are very few.

low the narrative contained in the monotonous dialogue, hard not to wander and skip. The fantasies are supposed to become real, but we are not convinced, not even certain whether the author expects the events described to be taken literally. It appears that Lewis succeeds in his efforts to find a lover for his wife; it appears that he loses her. Slattery's old father arrives, invited by a telegram from his son, threatening suicide. To give the old man a nasty shock, he gives him a dummy of himself, dressed in policeman's uniform, hanging from the ceiling. Lewis finds it, and even is no the reader yawns. The event is no more interesting than Slattery's visit to Lewis in hospital, after a ski accident—in spite of the fact that he is wearing a woman's hat and has pulled a pair of nylon panties over his trousers. In Robert Shaw's successful novel, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, there was another bawdy, incoherent American devising strange torments for himself. He was a Jew, pretending to be a Nazi war criminal in order that he might stand trial in Israel. This man's mania seemed important and convincing. In *A Card from Morocco*, dealing with a matter of less public concern, the tale seems like Slattery's quirk—merely a rather strident bid for attention.

Sensitive searchings

PHILIP CALLOW: *The Bliss Body*. 158pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 30s.

The Bliss Body follows *Going to the Moon* as the second in Philip Callow's projected sequence of novels (by implication autobiographical) about Colin Patten and his search for self-knowledge and fulfillment. Colin is the sensitive and introspective son of Midlands working-class parents, desperately lonely and ineffectual (yet never lacking dignity) in his vain battles with the hazards of adolescence and early manhood, self-absorbed (yet never self-pitying or arrogant) in his quest for love and for the means of giving his raw melancholy an outlet in creative expression. This is familiar territory, but Mr. Callow's perceptive way with it is enhancing his stature as a novelist with every new attempt.

The new book is ambitious in the very modesty of its material and treatment. Like *Going to the Moon*, it follows only a very tenuous plot line. Colin drifts through seamy and aimless jobs in a variety of shabby provincial places; he has a desperate yet unpromising love affair with the married Leila; and he tries, unhappily, to sort out his relations with Ray, a boyhood pal now married, poor and despairing. All this is done in a series

of tiny episodes which jump the reader backward and forward in time (the book thus reflecting, somewhat unexpectedly, an increasing dissatisfaction among novelists with more narrative chronology). The prose is slow-moving, and sometimes rather benumbedly lyrical; yet in important places it can be hauntingly precise and tender.

Unlike the first novel, *The Bliss Body* succeeds in giving Colin's dilemmas and wandering, both vividness and point. Here, he is much more movingly convincing as a representative of that class of deprived anti-heroes which novelists have so often treated, and about which it might have seemed impossible to say anything new. Mr. Callow's substantial achievement is to write about difficult sexual explorations or uneasy, drifting friendships, in a vein of touching unsensational frankness which never conceals or fakes, and altogether avoids self-indulgence, mawkishness or special pleading.

He is also rare among current novelists in making a courageous attempt to restore, and render meaningful, the language of honesty and intimacy. If he finally succeeds, in the way his new novel suggests he might, his could be a salutary and influential talent.

Empty boasts

ROBERT SHAW: *A Card from Morocco*. 182pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Two dismal, hard-drinking, middle-aged men are conversing in Spain: the principal question in their dialogue is this:

Do you think that if what went on in your mind actually worked out it would be disastrous? ... I mean what if a night fantasy became real. What if one made it real?

The questioner, Lewis, is an Englishman with an attractive young wife; his fantasy, while making love to her, is to imagine another man caressing her at the same time, since she deserves more than he can give. His companion, Slattery, is an American painter, whose conversation and reminiscences are so saturated with fantasy that neither Lewis nor the reader can feel sure of what he has done or of what he wants. He claims to be an ex-athlete, a good painter, to have a mother in a mental hospital, and a father whom he hates and holds to blame for the mother's condition. He talks in a crudely offensive manner, stiff with boringly hearty American obscenities, often accusing Lewis of being a "faggot": he boasts of homosexual experience but might easily be lying. He likes to dress up in women's clothes; but perhaps this is just an attempt to make himself interesting. In real life he would be avoided by all, being showy and dull.

So is the novel. It is hard to fol-

Genteel eccentrics

TRENT DE VERE WHITE: *The Lambert Mile*. 271pp. Gollancz. 30s.

The Lambert Mile, focusing on the great mansion of Mount Lambert, is an estate of lodge, in which live a tight-to-do Irish families. The affairs of the estate are left in the hands of the bailiff and lawyer by its bored owner, Sir Julian Lambert; but his daughter Elizabeth, beautiful and unscrupulous and "taking a high moral tone about everything except morals", is both an attractive romantic proposition and an important social catch when she decides to visit the locality. Around the flutter caused by her return, Mr. de Vere White weaves an entertaining, if not particularly substantial, tale of social snobbery and personal eccentricity among the respectable rural Irish.

His concern to present a broad panorama of life on the Mile leads to the sketching of a very wide variety of local characters, so that the narrative runs the risk of getting lost in a maze of amusing minor episodes and personal quirks; but the novel shakes down finally into a unity which shows the contrivance of a skilful, if whimsical, plot. The satire is very mild and genial, with all the caricatures gentle; neither ruthlessness nor penetrating social observation are really the author's purpose. But the book is likeable in an unassuming way. The portrait of Major Christian Paul, variously nicknamed "The Count" and "Ritz", a smiling local charlatan, is the most lively element in it: old-fashioned stuff, but pleasing for its humorous simplicity. Mr. de Vere White's prose is craftsmanlike and witty.

Arthurian mist

C. E. MONTAGUE: *Rough Justice*. 383pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s. FREDERICK ROLFE: *Don Tarquinio*. 257pp. Chatto and Windus. 21s. AMANDA M. ROS: *Helen Huddleson*. 128pp. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Opening this Landmark Library re-issue of Montague's *Rough Justice* stirred memories of a first reading not long after it was published—perhaps in 1927—and of a schoolboy certainly that here was something greatly impressive. What would be its effect forty years on?

A dire effect indeed. The book, especially the first interminable half, seems quite calamitous. Montague, to us in 1969, is a figure wrapped in ancient Arthurian mists, a sexually non-aberrant Lancelot. This is mainly due to the fact that Montague, an intelligent and capable writer, has not really got the trick of novel-writing at all. (One has only to compare *Rough Justice* with, say, *Slattery Street*, its elder by more than a decade, to see that a novel can be strongly of its time and yet remain intensely readable and relevant.)

Montague was a leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian* nearly all his life and in his later years deputized for C. P. Scott as editor. He fought bravely in the war, falsifying his age in order to join up (he was 47 in 1914), discovered that war was no chivalric championship of the good and the true but a cheapener of courage and a mocker of high intentions. At the end of it he wrote *Disenchantment*, a bitter, querulous monologue, to express his mood. *Rough Justice* is *Disenchantment* ineptly novelized.

Bron Garth, spurious scion of a noble line, is brought up in a splendid country house by a very purring gentle widower father, goes on at last to fight his war, raises his eyebrows at corruption and cynicism among the mercenary get-rich-quick and even among his own, very upper, class.

Frederick Rolfe and Amanda Ros are both freaks. Rolfe is a major freak. Amanda a minor one. But as, in *Don Tarquinio*—a lush, quirky description of a day in the life of a Roman grandee in 1495—Rolfe is far below his best form, while Amanda in *Helen Huddleson*—her last book, left unfinished and appropriately rounded off by her editor, Jack Loudan—is at her alliterative apogee and magniloquent maximum, the two books give about equal, very entertaining, value.

Ronald Harwood
The Girl in Melanie Klein

"Mr Harwood has an astringent sense of human absurdity and an agreeably concise style"—Francis King, *Sunday Telegraph*. "The situations and dialogue are of the wildest farce, but are never allowed to break through the matter-of-fact gravity of presentation"—John Whitley, *Sunday Times* 30s.

Akiyuki Nozaka
The Pornographers

"Ironic and ruthless study of blue-film producers and their clients"—Richard Jones, *Listener* 35s

Peter Gay
Weimar Culture

"Provides an introduction to the study of a complex situation"—James Joll, *Guardian* Illustrated 50s

Reprinting:

Frank Norman
Banana Boy

Memoirs of a Barnardo childhood. "So moving and delicate a book, his finest so far"—Kenneth Allsob, *Spectator*. "One of the few childhood autobiographies that are worth reading"—Paul Bailey, *Observer*. "A great historical document"—*Tribune* Illustrated 30s

Secker & Warburg

In the Six

MICHAEL BUTTERWICK and EDMUND NEVILLE ROLFE: *Food, Farming and the Common Market*, 259pp. Oxford University Press, £2 15s.

Agriculture is only one part of the common market mosaic, which in turn is dropping more and more into perspective as an incomplete and perhaps even ill-fated step towards some future political unity. But the common farm policy was a stumbling block in Britain's attempts to get in, and from being acclaimed as the Six's greatest achievement looks like becoming, in the months ahead, by far their biggest problem.

To understand what the farm policy is about, how it works, and what its shortcomings are, requires considerable diligence. To make it intelligible to others is an even greater challenge. Mr. Michael Butterwick and Mr. Neville Rolfe have the advantage of being both agricultural economists and farmers — and they can write.

This is not to say that the book is light reading for the layman. Even the expert may not want to read it from cover to cover. But it is a manageable guide for anyone who wants to understand the Six's troubles in the next year or so, or for the farmer who wants to use the present full to determine what going into E.E.C. could mean to him. After a rapid sketch of postwar developments in Britain, the authors take a coolly objective look at the implications of the common farm policy. They accept the official Ministry of Agriculture estimate of a 10 to 14 per cent increase in food prices in Britain, meaning a 25 to 35 per cent rise in the cost of living; but they suggest how a transition period could be used to shield consumers from the effects of price rises. They allow themselves a cautious estimate of 200 million pounds a year effect on the British balance of payments.

More original and probably more valuable to the farmer is their

analysis of the effects of joining in terms of what they call, in plain economists' language, "the cost of farm inputs", namely farmers and the land, farm labour (farm workers are as badly paid relative to industrial workers in the E.E.C. countries as in Britain), credit, machinery and fertilizers. Sifting various estimates and leading the reader, not wholly bewildered, through a series of calculations, they come up with the important fact that, following devaluation, the net advantage of staying outside, in terms of farm income, has disappeared.

About the effects of Britain's joining the agricultural trade of the Commonwealth the two experts are almost brutally frank. They conclude that we could do little to help Australia, and point out that, in spite of Australian protests that every single part of their exports is of vital national importance, things are not as bad as they seem. In general terms, Japan has already overtaken Britain as Australia's chief trading partner. E.E.C. Commission experts point out that Australian exports to Britain, which would be affected by joining, are only 9 per cent of total exports. For New Zealand, the "at risk" commodities are more significant. Prospects for mutton and lamb are not too unfavourable, but, as they gently put it, "the same cannot be said of New Zealand butter".

If negotiations ever reopen with the E.E.C. this book will be a useful antidote to exaggerated and unfounded arguments for and against. In the meantime, it provides an analysis of the common farm policy at least as clear as anything that has appeared inside the Community. One wonders whether the authors will have the courage to keep it up to date.

Finally, one cannot omit a grateful mention of the magic conversion tables which will solve for ever our problems of translating prices in pounds per long ton into dollars per metric ton.

Towards free markets

P. T. BAUER and B. S. YAMEY: *Markets, Market Control and Marketing Reform*, 421pp. Weldon and Nicolson, £4 10s. D. P. O'BRIEN and D. SWANN: *Information Agreements, Competition and Efficiency*, 248pp. Macmillan, £3 15s. VERA LUTZ: *Central Planning for the Market Economy*, 187pp. Longmans, £2 10s. AUBREY WILSON: *The Assessment of Industrial Markets*, 406pp. Hutchinson, £3. ARNOLD K. WEINSTEIN: *Marketing: The Management Way*, 219pp. Allen and Unwin, £2 2s.

It is nearly forty years since Professor Joan Robinson et al. emphasized what the mid-nineteenth-century classical economists had emphasized: namely, that competition was imperfect in markets, that information about relevancies was lacking for many competitors, and that one or a few of the latter organized themselves (and often others) to secure dominant monopoly, oligopoly or monopsonist positions in markets. Meanwhile so-called "western" economic systems, including Japan, have witnessed an enormous increase of monopolistic state enterprise and economic activity at the expense of open markets and competitive private enterprise, plus in most of them the elevation of near-monopolistic trade unions above the ordinary laws to positions of inflationary enjoyment and advantage, plus governmental abolition or watering-down of resale price maintenance and "restrictive practices" of employers' choice. The results have been ironical. One of them is the British concern, all-party one, in the improvement of our market research and marketing methods whether in the domestic or foreign field, and whether by private companies or by state monopolies or near-monopolies (fuels, iron and steel, air versus rail, broadcasting and television, road transport, docks, &c.).

Another is the almost equally pervasive opinion that competition, advertising, marketing, &c., are all immoral and wasteful, and that state monopolies (as in Russia) can guarantee qualities and quantities and deliveries better, for relatively lower prices. Few see the contradictions, errors and nonsenses in it all. So the advent of these books is to be welcomed, wide as their scope is.

Facts first: *Markets, Market Control and Marketing Reform*, by Professors Bauer and Yamey, is a valuable collection of specific essays by these two specialists in markets, commodities and countries of differing market factors like restriction schemes, futures trading, hedging, rebate schemes, resale price maintenance on which Professor Yamey is the British expert, regulated prices and wages in underdeveloped countries, bulk buying, and so on. Their book provides a necessary background of facts and factors in market behaviour of all kinds. It remorselessly lays bare the uneconomics of detailed governmental control, subsidies, regulation of markets, &c.

But this is micro-economics, even when "the market" for a whole industry is examined. The books by Dr. Weinstein and Mr. Aubrey Wilson are valuable as macro-economic correc-

tives. What is, on the one hand, at the high level of economic discourse we have come to recognize in their joint and separate works. The surprising thing is the extent to which the books of Dr. Vera Lutz and of Professor Swann and Mr. O'Brien complement, support, and dovetail with that of the two S.E. professors. In *Information Agreements, Competition and Efficiency* compare usefully the effects of the American effort mainly "anti-trust" to secure real competition, open markets, and absence of producers' collusion and agreements, with the British approach, which emerges as pretty confused, confusing and "spotty". They make a worthwhile study of the British "galvanised tank" and "tyre mileage" cases which, they think (rightly), will increase competitiveness, though not by themselves strong enough to prevent other such agreements between producers. They reasonably ask for a comprehensive, clear set of rules outlawing information and other agreements between producers to restrain, as a matter of demonstrable fact, competitiveness. The economic argument is in all political parties support them. And it is therefore encouraging to have *Central Planning for the Market Economy*. Dr. Vera Lutz's thorough, perceptive study of the French experiment (now clouded with the theory and practice of centralized "planning" for, and within, a still largely market economy.

Her detailed work, in a field little known this side of the channel, lends vicarious support to the lessons, principles and morals drawn by Bauer, Yamey, Swann and O'Brien. She makes clear the planners' dilemma in such mixed economies: either the state organs must enter and control both the market and its pricing system, or its "plants" must become so flexible so frequently, so woolly, and so full and fuzzy, that the vast effort and manpower required to draw up the plans and administer them both in the public and private sectors themselves become hugely uneconomic. No dilemma is quite as serious as that in communist, completely centralized, monolithic, authoritarian economic systems; for whatever the planners and controllers do there, no alternative sector throws up any evidence of dis-economics and wastes, and no one can do otherwise any way: it is easier to wreck a mixed economy by throwing the market system out of gear than it is to wreck a 100 per cent authoritarian system which has no free markets. Many, reading Dr. Lutz's and the L.S.E. professors' books, will wonder whether western mixed economies are not already dangerously near the wrecking point: a point (as Professor Bauer, with his special experience overseas, makes abundantly clear) even more closely approached by some of the most backward, least developed, least growing countries. Whence a moral may be drawn.

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These are recent books by experts drawn from many countries and universities (Dr. Lutz from Switzerland). The special studies over many years of free market pricing, market intelligence, and competition between sellers and buyers, for much of the time, and the contrast between these and the policies of government intervention in the economic field of life in a kind of built-in dilemma. In these works also indicate, at least that the trend to regulation and control of both production and marketing is setting in a reverse direction. Few, surely, would now expect any state intervention or regulation which ended by making freer, more open, and more informed. But many would expect more state regulation of markets, price controls, &c., as they would expect more control of markets by producers and/or sellers alone. This is a moral in this, too.

It is true that the Insight team are, in some ways, too British and too censorious. (They are also given to awkward Americanisms like "gotten" for "got".) For example, they are very snooty about the official patriotism of American business. (It is not very long since nearly all British shopping bags were covered with the Union Jack: this would have shocked Americans, not because of any scruple about business using any scrap as a selling point, but because of patriotism as a selling point.) On the other hand, there are cases in which the Insight team is too kind to American murder rate is explained away in two odd fashions. We are told that Mexico has a higher murder rate than the United States, and what? Then, considering there are at least 50 million small arms in American households, the Insight team point out it is rather remarkable that there are only 10,000 murders a year; one would like to reverse the question and ask why there are 50 million hand guns in private possession. The references to England and France suggest that our murder rate is, although lower than that of the United States, of the same order of magnitude. This is quite untrue and highly misleading. Strange as it may seem, France has one of the lowest murder rates in the world.

damned close-run thing

CHESTER GODFREY HODGSON: *Secret Page: An American Biography*, 814pp. André, £3 3s.

What Theodore White wrote that remarkable book, *The Making of the President, 1960*, Kennedy campaign of 1960, that he was founding not so much a school of history as a school of industry. Studies of between alternative ways of for defined ends, and a waste of economic "efficiency" of economy in decision, and the all-important formation and open markets. Dr. Weinstein's *Marketing for the Market Economy* is a port for the market system, graduate experience in the University of Pennsylvania, and as teacher in the marketing of Business Administration at South Wales. This work is for students, with questions and a reading list at the end of each chapter; but it is also a study of markets and marketing, and of producers' decisions, and also emphasizes the need to ensure quality and fullest information. It also, to ensure full and effectiveness between producers and sellers.

These are recent books by experts drawn from many countries and universities (Dr. Lutz from Switzerland). The special studies over many years of free market pricing, market intelligence, and competition between sellers and buyers, for much of the time, and the contrast between these and the policies of government intervention in the economic field of life in a kind of built-in dilemma. In these works also indicate, at least that the trend to regulation and control of both production and marketing is setting in a reverse direction. Few, surely, would now expect any state intervention or regulation which ended by making freer, more open, and more informed. But many would expect more state regulation of markets, price controls, &c., as they would expect more control of markets by producers and/or sellers alone. This is a moral in this, too.

It is true that the Insight team are, in some ways, too British and too censorious. (They are also given to awkward Americanisms like "gotten" for "got".) For example, they are very snooty about the official patriotism of American business. (It is not very long since nearly all British shopping bags were covered with the Union Jack: this would have shocked Americans, not because of any scruple about business using any scrap as a selling point, but because of patriotism as a selling point.) On the other hand, there are cases in which the Insight team is too kind to American murder rate is explained away in two odd fashions. We are told that Mexico has a higher murder rate than the United States, and what? Then, considering there are at least 50 million small arms in American households, the Insight team point out it is rather remarkable that there are only 10,000 murders a year; one would like to reverse the question and ask why there are 50 million hand guns in private possession. The references to England and France suggest that our murder rate is, although lower than that of the United States, of the same order of magnitude. This is quite untrue and highly misleading. Strange as it may seem, France has one of the lowest murder rates in the world.

and the fact that so many of the McCarthy supporters came from "good families" made the impact and the brutality of the Chicago police far more revolting. If a great many American families had disbelieved Negro stories of police brutality before the Chicago Convention, they believed them fully after their own children were roughed up by Mayor Daley's shirr. (The Italian term is appropriate to the city where the forces of law and disorder are so largely Italian.)

There is perhaps not enough discussion of the degree to which a great many opulent people, many of them normally Republican, "related" to Gene. This was especially true of that formidable group, the opulent clubwomen. For the intensity of their support for Gene reached its maximum in northern California where it may be safely said that President Nixon had, and has, very few friends. But all over the United States there was a great protest vote against the existing political system, and a great deal of money was in fact provided for Senator McCarthy, not only because of his own charm (he was by far the handsomest of the candidates), but because the regular political machines were producing such very unattractive candidates. There was another source of support for Senator McCarthy, and also of criticism as it is displayed by those who insist on the fact that Mrs. Nixon's given name is not, in fact, Patricia or Pat, but Thelma. But as the campaign went on, and as the emptiness of Mr. Nixon's campaign went on, it is obvious that the Insight team became more and more disillusioned. They end with a not very optimistic assessment of one of the oddest results in American history. They also end with a rather chilly assessment of Senator McCarthy, an assessment which is now becoming more and more general. Senator McCarthy was seen as a man who campaigned as if he either didn't want to win or expected to win with-

out too much personal effort. His views on the presidency recall those of General Eisenhower, and a great deal of his behaviour suggests that he would be as lazy a President as Calvin Coolidge. (It should be remembered that Coolidge was in fact rather highbrow. A good Italian scholar, he translated the *Inferno* on his honeymoon.)

It is clear that, starting with scepticism or dislike for Robert Kennedy, the Insight team began to appreciate his qualities, and above all his concern for the poor and his immense power of drawing them to him. It is true that, as Mr. Richard Seaman has pointed out, most voters are not black, are not poor, and are not young; but it is quite possible that in 1972 Robert Kennedy might have been successful against President Nixon since, by that time, a great many of his most enthusiastic supporters would have been less than 50,000 a year foresaw the crowds, which ran into millions, as the Penny might have foreseen if they ever considered the feelings of their customers.

The total effect of this very detailed narrative is most impressive. The authors obviously bend over backward in being friendly, or at any rate tolerant towards Mr. Nixon. They do not use such nit-picking criticism as is displayed by those who insist on the fact that Mrs. Nixon's given name is not, in fact, Patricia or Pat, but Thelma. But as the campaign went on, and as the emptiness of Mr. Nixon's campaign went on, it is obvious that the Insight team became more and more disillusioned. They end with a not very optimistic assessment of one of the oddest results in American history. They also end with a rather chilly assessment of Senator McCarthy, an assessment which is now becoming more and more general. Senator McCarthy was seen as a man who campaigned as if he either didn't want to win or expected to win with-

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68th Year 1 MAY 1969 No. 3,505

Better late

Shocking and illuminating as they are, the sudden crop of books about the Slánský trial in Czechoslovakia nearly seventeen years ago is a classic instance of wisdom after the event. In the Czech context this is all too understandable; it was not until 1963 that the Supreme Court annulled the verdicts, and even then the Novotný régime did its best to hush the matter up, with the result that free critical discussion of so important a judicial and political crime became possible only last year. However, the belated concern now being shown by the Western public is not exactly a subject for pride either. Unlike the East Europeans, we have been free all this time to try to unearth the facts and to analyse them on television or in the Sunday newspapers. We have seriously done so only since it became clear that Czechoslovakia was the odd man out in the communist block.

Of course many of those facts were not available as they are now. But our lack of curiosity about them suggests that even the freest system of communications is powerless against shut minds. For too many of us the whole series of show trials in

Eastern Europe was an internal communist affair in which those who were accused (and generally executed) seemed no closer or more likable than their accusers: the world was divided, in the communists' own phrase, into "two camps", and what happened to the rival camps might be the affair of specialists or propagandists, but was not of any ordinary human interest. One need only read Mrs. Sling's account of the Slánský case's appalling human implications—it was, for instance, eleven years before the party gave her her husband's farewell letters to herself and their children—to feel that there was something very wrong in this indifference, and that the cold war of the 1940s and 1950s must have distorted our own judgments and sympathies as well as those of the supposedly monolithic block-heads on the other side.

Today, with more natural political relationships and (above all) freer personal and cultural exchanges, there is still a distinction between the two halves of Europe which makes us continue to see such events rather differently. For the authors of the four books which we review in our front-page article today, it is (or was when they wrote) the hope of building a socialist society undistorted by Stalinism that prevents them from disowning the party and state that so abused them. Or rather it is perhaps something at once simpler and profounder than that. In Eastern Europe, but also in a number of newly independent nations which are organized on anything but socialist principles, there is a sense that all social and political actions are—for better or worse—of real importance; that great issues are being decided, in which everyone's future is at stake. It is much more difficult to feel this in the Western countries, except when there is a clear risk of war. Given the wel-

fare state and a succession of pragmatic governments whose leaders would be positively insulted to be termed philosophers or intellectuals (or worst of all idealists, the day-to-day issues of our society seem less urgent. Hence the greater desperation of the rebels. Where young Czechs, like the children of some of the trial victims, have purposefully joined the establishment that killed their fathers, many young West Europeans can only resent our society as such, and show their resentment by attacking the nearest of its institutions to hand.

The books from Czechoslovakia suggest that they and their chosen gurus are living in an unreal, isolated world. Thus a few weeks ago the psychiatrist Dr. David Cooper was quoted in *The Observer* as saying that the family was a cruel and oppressive institution, not unlike the concentration camps. For anyone who takes such views seriously it is worth noting the experience of Mrs. Slánský and Mrs. Sling, who found after the trial that their mothers stood by them, under conditions of great physical discomfort, where their friends and political comrades mostly did not. And yet their own attitude, like that of many others who know the worst about Stalinism and its survival, is in the end too uncritical. Admittedly Mrs. Slánský is rather a special case since her book is uncommunicative about fundamentals, but Mrs. Sling, though prepared to discuss the Czech feeling of collective guilt about the trials, argues that it was not communism that was to blame but "its deformed image". Like Dr. Loebel, she is content to trace the responsibility back to Beria and ultimately to Stalin, without asking how the theory and practice of Marxism could have encouraged, or allowed,

its leading exponents to do as they did. She cites unpublished confessions by Mr. John Galsworthy, on behalf, and by the late Karel Čapek in favour of a general amnesty. But no influential voice in any country, seems to have pressed his doubts publicly, or in any way difficult for the party to suppress all the while it was a frame-up. This is a mistake.

Mrs. Sling calls her book *Will Prevail*, after Masaryk for the new Czech state of 1918. A double sense it is relevant to the subject, for the only anteceding subject, both the abstract processes and the concrete policies that causes it is the calculation of the truth, like concealment benefits no one, not liars themselves, for they are credited in a much more positive way than they ever could be by admitting the worst.

At a more fundamental level, an exaggerated notion of size would reduce the impact of secret police forces and terror area within which reason itself is staged. Not only is a part of espionage a thoroughly real business, even when conducted by real spies, but in peace-time state stands to lose more from its strength and intentions exposed than from allowing its about its strategic situation to be known. Even in military knowledge is a great advantage; this applies also to wisdom in events? In some circumstances, as Mrs. Sling's book shows, a lot of people abroad, and in the other East European countries, would feel more confident in the future if they knew that what were being translated and mis-



D. H. Lawrence and Louie Burrows

T. B. BOULTON (Editor): *Lawrence in Love*. 182pp. University of Nottingham Press. £2.

Lawrence was engaged to Louie Burrows for more than a year, from before his mother died until the day which ended his teaching career a few months before he met Dora. But until now their relationship has been—so the outside world knows—blank in Lawrence's life. Louie an attractive but strangely unphotogenic figure. She wrote no letters; Helen Corke does not mention her in hers; and Jessie Chambers's contemptuous references to her in *Personal Record* (where she is called "X") have perhaps encouraged later biographers to treat her engagement casually, as if it were the most part by an extraneous figure. This case and perhaps in this review of an Elka Triotou novel, I have several months ago published several months ago. Lawrence is properly respected for his literary, well-informed, and the quality of his arts papers, his laudable internationalism, and his rate in respect of books, in the of a strain for the paper's sake, and makes the conversation French writing seem shabby.

At the press conference in London to launch the new language edition, *Le Monde* editor, André Fontaine, said that one of his ambitions was to give a new cultural link between France and people who could not read French. It would be said if it had not been for the fact that I have devoted the right thing to do. I have collected as much material as I could, and I think of you, the thinking of life.

A good many months the engagement was as serious a commitment as to Louie: he admitted being a bad writer of love letters, they certainly are not full of sentiment or even of signs of ordonnance; but his consciousness of her is inescapable.

—sometimes I feel as if I should have been a poet. My temper is damnable and I should be a kind of poet of reason. I should be a kind of poet. But oh, my love, you do not know these days cost me. I want to see you, my darling—for I love you. (December 23, 1912.)

It is an unusually explicit show of affection. As the letters go on, it becomes apparent that he was calling on her for something she could not give him at any rate for what he thought could not; the reader will find it hard to make any secure judgment of her. She was Louie like "A" and "B" — swarthy and ruddy, a pomegranate, and bright and a pitcher of wine. It is how she is described by her to A. W. — but this girl seems unphotogenic in the absurdly affected pose in the oval photograph

which is the frontispiece to *Lawrence in Love*: in a gauzy dress she leans on a high jardinière, a rose lightly held to her breast, the head pensively tilted away. This cannot be Lawrence's Louie; but one feels reassured by the black-haired woman in the vignette (reproduced above) of the wrapper, with alert, penetrating eyes, wide nostrils and a full, rather sensual mouth. Yet again, this cannot be everything. "My girl is here," he wrote near the end. "She's big, swarthy, and passionate as a gipsy—but good, awfully good, churchy." Lawrence at least half envied the quiet and unquestioning conviction of Louie's Christianity.

You are right in your way & I never want you to alter. My way is a form of abnormality—damn it. (April 4, 1911.)

But though "I had just as lief you were a Christian: I have my own religion, which is to me the truth" (December 27, 1910); and she was awfully good, and Lawrence felt the strain of her goodness. A touch of the characteristic Lawrentian religiosity appears momentarily in a characteristic statement: "I say, only that it is wicked which is a violation of one's feeling & instinct" (April 12, 1911). That—plainly enough from the outcome and from the obvious signs of sexual frustration in Lawrence at the time—was not Louie's religion, for all her vitality and swarthyness. And what could she or anyone—make of an isolated flourish like that?

Yet all the time, for the real Louie one must depend on inferences from a correspondence of which we have only one side (no one would expect Lawrence to have kept letters). It is Lawrence's view of Louie that we see, and we may guess that the real Louie was probably as different from Ursula in *The Rainbow* as the Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*. It is the largest disappointment of these letters that Louie herself is so strikingly absent from them. Often, in reading one side of a correspondence, one gains a strong sense of the person to whom the letters go and for whom they were specially written. Yet these seem to drop into a personal void really have been written to almost anyone. So Louie remains as veiled, and the relationship nearly as mysterious, as ever. As a correspondent she has no existence in the letters, which in truth are all Lawrence's, and at times the very nerve of Lawrence. There is a sense sometimes in his relationship with Jessie Chambers that he uses Miriam as a kind of scapegoat for things in himself that he dislikes without being fully conscious of them: so the relationship is forced and distorted, as she herself so movingly showed. This kind of imposition he seems never to have practised on Louie (she was perhaps too evidently different from him) and his moments of self-

awareness are all the more striking and revealing:

O dear, I am a cursed nuisance. I must pluck the very concentrated heart out of each of my mysteries and desires. I go straight, like a bullet, towards my aim. I cannot loiter by the way. I cannot slowly gather flowers as I saunter. I wish to heaven I could. I cut straight through like a knife to what I want. I cannot, cannot slowly enjoy watching the rose open. I can't help it, Louie, I can't. I am really dangerous in my fixed mad aim. I love my rose, & no other; and when I can have her I shall want no other. But when I have her not, I have nothing. Your pleasure, which you enjoy, in the thought of me, is nothing to me. What I want I want and quarrel measures are nothing to me. I am a nuisance & a trouble to everybody. Always I am cursing myself, but it doesn't alter me what I am. (March 13, 1911.)

No wonder, in the face of such knowledge, that he could "wish before Heaven" he was like her; and no wonder either that Jessie, in a letter quoted by Professor Boulton, objected that he should not have involved Louie in the tangle of their relationships. There was doubtless some readily understandable jealousy in her attitude, which issues in a possessive gesture likely to repel the reader somewhat, and conceal the implied truth of Louie's essential difference. Lawrence no doubt welcomed in half of himself this difference and opposition, but it was perhaps responsible for his way of patronizing Louie, bullying her a bit, and hectoring.

Lawrence does not really come out of these letters very well. As Professor Boulton shrewdly remarks, though [Lawrence's] remark after his mother's death was perhaps accurate, that Louie had never known "real grief"—it was not devoid of a kind of arrogance or morbid self-satisfaction: he had been forcibly matured by suffering on behalf of his mother in her lifetime and now on his own behalf by her death; Louie, on the other hand, was immature because of her relatively unscarred youth.

And Lawrence seems to make this something of a reproach to her, or at least the ground for patronizing; Louie, my dear, thou art a century or so behind—and I am at the tip of the iceberg. So thou art very comfortable & charming, & I am uncomfortable & a nuisance. (March 20, 1909.)

This comes at the end of a letter describing painful scenes he had witnessed during an election campaign in Croydon, which had moved and excited him by their inhumanity. But the tone of the letter is rhetorical, affecting something of a literary pose. He was writing *The White Peacock* at this time, and the stilted descriptive mannerism of that book has its counterpart here.

The snowdrops one buys in bunches, with their poor little noses packed tight together, turned upwards to the winter sky, like white beans stuck in a green cup—these are not snowdrops gathered in the mill garden on the banks of the

Wreake—these are not snowdrops from under the hazel brake in the steep dell in the woods of Strelley (February 28, 1909.)

Lawrence seems here to be practising his literary style on her: or was he trying to impress her in what he thought was her style? There is no evidence that she in any way resented, or even recognized, anything of the kind. What is remarkable, however, for the reader of Lawrence is the extent to which it is evidence for his not really allowing her own individuality and separateness—which is of a piece with his view of her immaturity.

At the end of their relationship, he forced her to become "mature" through suffering quite as harshly as he had suffered at the death of his mother. Doubtless by the end of a year of their frustrating engagement, it was clear to Lawrence that Louie was not the woman to give him what he needed in his life. But there is no good reason why Louie herself should have seen the issue in this light. Though a carelessness comes into his letters in the months before the final break, the letter (February 4, 1912) which actually asks her to release him was obviously a brutal shock to her, which cannot have been eased by Ada Lawrence's, tactless observation to her that Louie really deserved someone better than him. Who that is deeply in love thinks anything of deserts? The wound to her was deep and permanent and doubtless made all the harsher by Lawrence's actions then and immediately afterwards.

When finally, six months after leaving England with Frieda, Lawrence told Louie about her, "it grieves him that he has been such a rotter to her". But he insists that he never deceived her. Perhaps he did not; but if so he certainly deceived himself, making much of his illness, for example, as a cause of a major change in him. Professor Boulton thinks that "he never achieved the complete mutuality necessary for marriage; in charity to her, Lawrence probably refused to admit it even to himself". A poor kind of charity, even if a distressingly familiar one. And more unpleasantly, Lawrence makes what is perhaps an attempt to ease himself by going on to tell her how happy and jolly she really is, and by trying to make her give the evidence for the rightness of his action: "I don't think now I have the proper love to marry on. Have you not felt it so?" (February 7, 1912). This is a kind of emotional bullying which Lawrence's whole work protests against. But in the relationship half revealed in these letters, the reader's sympathies are at the end all with Louie: she may have been (though the evidence is not by any means conclusive) "immature" or over-emotional; but it was she who really suffered, and the bulk of the responsibility for that is plainly Lawrence's.

If we are ever to have a satisfactory and complete edition of Lawrence's letters there will presumably be worked into their chronological place with the rest. There is something specious but artificial in the isolating of one correspondent, particularly where a man emotionally so mercurial as Lawrence is concerned: as an episode in his life it is too neat, thus cut off from the rest. But the new collection more than doubles the printed letters over a period of five years; and we have every reason to be grateful to Professor Boulton for bringing it out so soon after his university came into possession of the letters. The book is nicely got up, and Professor Boulton shows himself a reliable if over-cautious editor.

Though his index is skimpy, the notes are pedantically repetitive; as if I written for people with no memory. It may be useful for those who dip to have "J" identified every time (very many times) as Jessie Chambers, but to the attentive reader the recurrent footnote is maddening: they are also, it seems, written for readers who need to be told what a watch-night service is, that a p.o. is a postal order; and that Julien Sorel is the hero of *Le Rouge et le Noir*. (Such readers also presumably need to be told that the Dome at Brighton is *not* the Pavilion.) The most regrettable point about the book is surely the title, which is evidently intended to echo *Women in Love*, but reads like a piece of coy and mildly sensationalist journalism.

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FABER & FABER

What is a backlist?

It can be a forward list. Books which are read in typescript can already look like the backlist because they will live there comfortably. One which George Miles has just delivered in final draft, *Humour: In Memoriam*, seems serious as the philosopher of wit has to be, and well supplied with examples for emphasis, as Freud was in the same subject. This will be in a new list, en route for the backlist next January.

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Germ of a History

TWENTY-THREE QUARTO PAGES OF A MACAULAY CAMBRIDGE PRIZE ESSAY

In the library of the late Dr. G. M. Trevelyan was a commonplace book of Charles James Fox, at the end of which Dr. Trevelyan had mounted a number of letters and manuscripts relating to his great-uncle, Macaulay. These included a draft on twenty-three quarto pages of the essay which in 1822 won Macaulay the Greaves prize at Trinity College, Cambridge. The prize, established in 1785, was "for the Junior Bachelor who shall make the best Dissertation on the Character and Memory of King William". The judges were the Master and eight Senior Fellows; and in 1822 the Master was Christopher Wordsworth, who had himself won the same prize in 1796. Two paragraphs from the essay were printed by Sir George Otto Trevelyan in his *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876 ed., Vol. I, pp. 84-86), and I had long thought that it merited printing in extenso. I am much indebted to Dr. Trevelyan for making the manuscript available, and especially to Mr. George Trevelyan for his help in the establishment of the text. The original is much interlined and corrected, and indeed one corner of the pages is charred, suggesting that the mature author consigned it to the flames but experienced a last-minute change of heart. The essay's interest as containing the germ of *The History of England* is obvious, and it may be noted not only that at twenty-two the author was already as much concerned with Whig politics as with Whig history, but also that, stylistically, the rhetorical panache was fully developed. I have retained exactly Macaulay's spelling and punctuation and have made no additions to his footnotes. I ought, perhaps, however, to issue a caveat to a future editor that the young author was not above making slight changes in his quotations to support his thesis.



The young Macaulay

A. N. L. Munby.

Essay on the Life and Character of King William III

"Parsus qui Gihis carboem
Tendit, lucis parit, pauperis terra
oligum in infernum sanguinem." *Virgil Aeneid vi. 811.*

No period in the history of mankind has produced a generation of Sovereigns, so highly remarkable for their personal qualities as those who filled the principal thrones of Europe towards the close of the seventeenth century. It is scarcely necessary to mention the names of John Sobieski, whose arms delivered the capital of the Empire from the common enemy of Christian powers, and who maintained a more glorious, though a less successful struggle against the pernicious institutions of his country;—of Victor Amadeus whose artful and enterprising policy raised an insignificant principality to great though temporary influence;—of Charles who conquered kingdoms by the premature sagacity of his youth, to lose them by the childish extravagance of his manhood;—of Peter, before whose rough sagacity and immutable resolution the obstacles of nature and the habits of centuries vanished, and whose mandate transformed marshes into cities, and savages into men.

Yet even at a period so fertile in eminent princes, our attention is peculiarly attracted to two extraordinary men, distinguished by their talents, by their exploits, by their rivalry, by the close connection of their fortunes, by the wide dissimilarity of their characters. I speak of Lewis and William, the great enemy and the great champion of European independence.

Extremely extolled by his contemporaries, Lewis has been with equal extravagance decried by posterity. He had indeed little claim to the exalted attributes which were so prodigally ascribed to him by the ingenious servility of poets and academicians. Still it was no ordinary Prince that laid the massive foundation of French domination. It was against no ordinary Prince that the arms of England and the arms of Savoy, the treasures of Holland and the majesty of the Caesars were twice ineffectually combined. Lewis was not a great general. He was not a great legislator. But he was, in one sense of the word, a great King. He was a perfect master of all the mysteries of the science of royalty, of all the arts which at once extend power and conciliate popularity, which most advantageously display the merits, or most dexterously conceal the deficiencies of a Sovereign. He was surrounded by great men—by victorious commanders, by sagacious statesmen,

—yet while he availed himself to the utmost of their services, he never incurred any danger from their rivalry. His mind was characterized by a superficial magnificence which displayed itself on all occasions in his policy, his tastes, and his pleasures. All his actions were performed with a grace exquisitely and preeminently king-like. His august and fascinating demeanour was a talisman which extorted the obedience of the proudest and mightiest spirits. The haughty and turbulent warriors whose contests had agitated France during his minority yielded to the irresistible spell, and like the gigantic slaves of the ring and lamp of Aladdin, laboured to decorate and aggrandize a master whom they could have crushed.

With incomparable address he appropriated to himself the glory of campaigns which had been planned and counselled which had been suggested by others. The arms of Turonne were the terror of Europe. The policy of Colbert was the strength of France. But in their foreign successes and their internal prosperity the people saw only the greatness and wisdom of Lewis. Though himself licentious, he acquired the support of the man whose virtues and whose writings are the glory of French theology. Though himself illiterate, he associated his name in indissoluble union with the most celebrated epoch of the most celebrated literature of Europe. Without ever witnessing a battle he acquired the glory of a conqueror. Without making one substantial sacrifice to the happiness of his people he possessed their ardent and constant affection. He was beloved in spite of crimes, respected in spite of follies, admired in spite of reverses and humiliations. Even when the grave had closed on his greatness, when flattery had nothing more to hope, nor malignity to fear, his veneration which during sixty years had been shown to his person was long continued to his memory.

Such was the man who in the prime of life directed the resources of the greatest kingdom of the world. His armies were numerous and admirably disciplined. His generals were the greatest soldiers of the age. His finances were flourishing. Nor was his ambition more incited by the magnitude of his resources than by the weakness of his neighbours. No power existed to contest with him the supreme influence in the European system. The sceptre had

passed away from Spain. During two generations, invoking the name of God, and violating all the rights of man, she had filled the old and the new world with monuments of her greatness and her guilt. Her empire was a gorgeous Pandoemonium, which blazed indeed with jewels and with gold;—but it was the work of Mammon, and the abode of Moloch. In the midst of her power and magnificence, the retribution for murdered princes, ravaged continents, and enslaved nations had overtaken her. No decisive battle, no internal commotion had overthrown her power. Her provinces still retained their vast extent; but they had declined into a mass of unwieldy debility. Her fleets still returned, loaded with the tribute of a desolated hemisphere. But the causes of her poverty lay deep in unnatural institutions, and perverted dispositions, and were only aggravated by the annual inundation of gold.

England, under the rule of a man who was willing to cringe to his ally that he might trample on his people, was more likely to aid than to oppose the ambitious projects of France.

This was the state of Europe when Lewis, in language which indicated equally consciousness of power and contempt of justice, declared unprovoked war against Holland. Under a constitution defective in theory but excellent in operation, that little community had risen into strength and opulence. Never under the most popular forms of government were the security of property and the freedom of opinion more perfectly preserved than by the wise and tolerant oligarchy of the Low countries. The boundaries of the republic afforded a refuge to exiles of all countries and all parties; and her hospitality was also experienced by the banished Cavalier and the attainted Regicide. The merits of the government were on this occasion proved by the devotion of the people. The wealth which had been accumulated under its protection was freely contributed for its defence, and the most vigorous preparations were made for an obstinate resistance.

At this juncture the great William appeared in public life. Descended from the illustrious chief who had defended the liberty of Holland against the power of Philip and the genius of Alva, and educated by the wisest and purest statesmen of the age, the young Prince soon proved himself worthy of such an ancestor and such an instructor. He was admirably fitted for the personal advantages and ostentatious accomplishments which distinguished the splendid despot of France. His person was insignificant, his constitution feeble, his demeanour cold and ungraceful. But beneath these exterior defects were cooped up all the fire and lofty qualities which are required to form the ruler of a free, or the

Daring in conception, indelible in action, wary in success, collected in difficulties, he seemed born for agitated times and arduous situations. Danger was the only excitement which could rouse into rapture his fiery yet melancholy spirit. His favourite employments and diversions were those which most afforded the stimulant of personal hazard; and the coldness of manner which neither splendour nor pleasure could dispel was at once exchanged in battle or in the chase, for the most animated and courteous gaiety.

In war he proved himself rather a great man than a great general. It was his fate to be opposed to the famous triumvirate of French commanders. In his youth he contended with Turenne and Condé, in his maturer years with Luxembourg. These distinguished Captains he was often surpassed in military tactics, but never in courage, energy, and perseverance. He never failed decisively to improve a victory, or rapidly to repair a defeat. He was often vanquished in single battles, but was uniformly successful in his wars.

That the disposition of William was harsh and unamiable has been often asserted, but never satisfactorily proved. His deportment was doubtless reserved. His education had tended rather to strengthen and inform his mind, than to polish his taste, and soften his manners. He practised none of the elegant and imposing arts of Versailles. He had no smiles for courtiers, no flattery for beauties, no repartees for wits. But his private virtues seem to have deserved the popularity which the specious graces of his rival obtained. To his few intimate friends his regard was warm, and his confidence unbounded. Burnet has pathetically recorded his tenderness for his wife, and the agony with which the intelligence of her death overwhelmed his proud and powerful spirit. On a general comparison of the qualities of the two great antagonists, we may pronounce that the character of William was suited to the domestic hearth, that of Lewis to the courtly circle;—that William appeared to most advantage on the field of battle, and Lewis in the chariot of triumph.

Raised in early youth to the supreme command of the Dutch armies, William displayed at this arduous crisis, abilities and patriotism beyond all praise. France and England were leagued against his country, and required of her to sacrifice the honour of a flag which had commanded the sea, and the freedom of a press which had enlightened the world. The absolute and permanent sovereignty of Holland was offered by the envious tyrants to the young Stadtholder, in exchange for the limited and precarious authority which he at present enjoyed. He rejected the bribe with disdain. With equal virtue he refused to avail himself of the unconstitutional prerogatives which were pressed upon his acceptance by the attachment or the terror of his fellow citizens. As no temptations could pervert his rectitude, no difficulties could shake his courage. To break open the dykes, to abandon their territories rather to the waves than to the oppressor, to seek in the Indian islands, an asylum for liberty and commerce, such were the counsels which, when all other hope seemed lost, were proposed by the young Prince, and approved by a phlegmatic, but not ungenerous people.

But a republic animated by such a spirit could be in no danger of subjugation. History, amidst the many painful and humiliating lessons which it has been filled by human guilt and folly, records one proud and consoling truth: that there is no army like an armed people, no sword like that which is beaten out of a ploughshare. Seconded by the zeal of his countrymen, the prince of Orange conducted this great contest with glory to a prosperous termination. The peace of Nimeguen secured to Holland her territory, her independence, and her honour, and left the Stadtholder at leisure to increase her resources for a yet more important and illustrious struggle.

Before we proceed to the consideration of those extraordinary events, it is necessary to take a survey of the history of our own country, during the reigns which followed the civil war.

The Restoration of the Stuarts was now inevitable. The sparks of popular feeling were kindled in difficulties, he seemed born for agitated times and arduous situations. Danger was the only excitement which could rouse into rapture his fiery yet melancholy spirit. His favourite employments and diversions were those which most afforded the stimulant of personal hazard; and the coldness of manner which neither splendour nor pleasure could dispel was at once exchanged in battle or in the chase, for the most animated and courteous gaiety.

It was whispered in his ear, and he had proved in his own person, and all the expedients of Lewis, the subversion of the Church and Constitution. He had been often confederated by his vanity and intolerance. But he had been happy days. The struggle against his misguided father had produced agitation in its progress, and he had been proved in his own person, and all the expedients of Lewis, the subversion of the Church and Constitution. He had been often confederated by his vanity and intolerance. But he had been happy days. The struggle against his misguided father had produced agitation in its progress, and he had been proved in his own person, and all the expedients of Lewis, the subversion of the Church and Constitution. He had been often confederated by his vanity and intolerance. But he had been happy days. 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Self-dramatization Unknowing

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"were asking no more than the normal perquisites of power which Muslim rulers and their supporters accepted as of right"; and in obtaining this their methods were those current at the time. This book, with its careful estimate of the influence of wars in Europe upon events in India, and its excellent description of the strengths and weaknesses as a soldier and a politician has given fresh illumination to highly controversial chapters in Indo-British relations.

HILLIARD, R. H. *The Decline of Serfdom in Medieval England*. 72pp. Outhwaite, R. B. *Infant in Tudor and Early Stuart England*. 60pp. Saul, S. B. *The Myth of the Great Depression, 1873-1896*. 63pp. Macmillan 5s. each.

A second trio of essays in this "Studies in Economic History" series, each a summary of, and a commentary on, current views of some single aspect of the subject. Professor Hilton traces the causes of the withering away of serfdom between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. Dr. Outhwaite's pamphlet examines the differing explanations put forward for the rise of prices in Tudor and Jacobean England, while Professor Saul looks at the late Victorian depression and concludes that the conventional period for the great depression, 1873-96, has no particular meaning for any of the trends discussed.

LINCOLN, WILLIAM L. (Editor). *An Encyclopedia of World History*. 1,504pp. Harrap, £5 5s.

The first edition of Professor Lincolner's chronological summary of human history, which was a rewritten version of the American translation of a nineteenth-century reference book by Karl Ploetz, was published in 1940. The second and third editions brought it up to date in 1948 and 1952, but the new fourth edition has been completely revised. The main additions are to the sections on prehistory and recent history, and the story now comes down to the summer of 1964. This is certainly a useful source of facts, though it is a pity that it is so heavily biased towards

modern history, half of it covers events since 1815, and that it contains many unsupported interpretations.

LOCKWOOD, DONALD. *The From Don: Darwin, 1869-1969*. 288pp. Angus and Robertson, £2 2s.

"A staggering line of joshes, with a fired dog leaning against a pub wall" was the image Darwin long presented. Foreign visitors were appalled by the town's squalor, and Australians ashamed. Its growth had been haphazard, graceless, marred by scandals, failures and fiascos and by vile treatment of both aborigines and Chinese labourers. Japanese bombing at least provided the opportunity for planned reconstruction. Mr. Lockwood provides a sound, energetic account of the town's last hundred years, and its slow development of self-sufficiency and self-respect.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY CRITICISM
MOORE, HARRY T. *Twentieth Century French Literature*. 398pp. Heinemann Educational, £2 15s. (Paperback, 21s.).

Harry T. Moore's undernourished overview is a corrected version of a book first published by the Southern Illinois University Press in 1966. On his way from Claude to Samuel Beckett, Professor Moore quotes more writers and titles than he can surely have read for himself, and he admits in his introduction that he has relied on existing histories of twentieth-century French literature. Some of the judgments he has taken over are lamentable—the remarks on the novels of Michel Butor being a case in point—others are acceptable but so compressed as to sound twice as dogmatic as they were surely intended to be. Professor Moore has an irritating habit of leaving the final "e" on words like dadaïste and existentialiste and quotes, only in English.

MUSIC
BATE, PHILIP. *The Flute*. 268pp. Ernest Benn, £3 3s.

It would be fair to describe this

monograph as exemplary were it not that this is the third such monograph on the wind instruments of the orchestra to come from Mr. Bate's pen. He does indeed set an example of how such a study in depth and in breadth especially breadth, ranging as it does from archaeology and history through acoustics and technology, to physiology and, of course, music, should be written, but he is actually following his own example in the other volumes in Bate's series on the oboe and the trumpet. His scholarship is scrupulous and his notes, which are consigned to the end of each chapter, contain further marginal enlightenment on a wide variety of topics. He reveals a curious personal controversy about Theobald Boehm, the father of the modern flute, the rights and wrongs of which he examines in an appendix. He continues to make technicalities readable and still to be almost all-inclusive. In the observations he makes about Bach's use of the flute it would have been interesting to have his comments on its use as an obbligato instrument, especially the strange juxtaposition in the *St. Matthew Passion* of the tender consolation in "Aus Liebe" and the shrill doubling of the flutes to reinforce the ferocity of "Lass ihn Kreuzigen." But it would hardly be possible to survey the whole repertoire and there is enough of such musical comment among all the technicalities to commend the book to others than flautists.

Religion

EVELY, LOUIS. *A Religion for Our Time*. Translated by Brian and Marie-Claude Thompson. 112pp. Burns and Oates, 16s.

Fr. Evelyn, a Belgian priest whose books are widely known, on his new book deals most attractively with the problem of how people who have intellectually accepted Christianity can move to an understanding of its spiritual reality in their personal lives. Plainly and simply written and free from the sentimentality of easy

religious writing, it is the kind of book that many people will be glad to possess.

Science

KRIEGBAUM, HILDE. *Science and the Mass Media*. xii. 242pp. University of London Press, £2 4s.

Among the miscellaneous pieces of information gathered by Professor Kriegbaum is that fifteen per cent of a sample of American science writers reported incomes above \$20,000 a year, and he comments, "Science writers certainly are keeping up with the Joneses among the reporting élites in an affluent society." One of the main lessons of the book, by the Professor of Journalism at New York University, is that science has become big news requiring specialized writers for its reporting; but one of their number, Mr. Alton Bates, Associated Press Science correspondent, sensibly protests that they must not allow men of science to convince them that they carry some special torch; they must think of themselves always as communicators, describing one segment of the world of ideas and action. This book gives a factual account of how the work is done, including case histories. A basic element is, of course, the regular study of scientific journals and abstracts; but the science writer, like other reporters, often has the need for quick action thrust upon him, for example, by a remark overheard at a cocktail party while "working into his second drink."

Social Studies

MURPHY, A. D. *The Brahminical Culture and Modernity*. Current Affairs Series. 143pp. Asia Publishing House, 30s.

Readers who have a limited interest in the Indian caste system should not be put off by the title of Mr. Muddie's hard-hitting book; he uses the word "Brahminical" to describe "the senior gentlemen who think bureaucratically, seldom act for results, resist change, and are not achievement-orientated." He argues with force

and cogency for professors, the management of India, and does not hesitate to state ideas of Gandhi and Nehru as irrelevant to her needs. What offends him particularly is the absence of clear thinking and economic problems. He shows, of confusion between the national pride and nationalism, which is the "final places for the intellectual levels"; and talks scornfully of old revenue collectors' mind up with the new (new) age" of Community Project; and if his ideas are of the rising generation of professional managers employed in "big business," the future of the country may well be less than he seems to think.

TRAVERS, ROBERT. *The Tasmanian Aborigines*. 244pp. Cassell, £2 5s.

The aboriginal Tasmanians, a unique race, of obscure origin, became extinct within a generation of white settlement. Primitive to have evolved, of tribal chiefs with whom survivors of the race and It is a sorry story; if it is the cranky George Robinson, bricklayer turned writer and self-appointed "factor," who led the natives to Flinders Island. Then, blundering "killed" the natives efficiently, as had the bush settlers' bullets. A good account, with excellent illustrations, including some of Robinson's sketches and the proclamations by which Governor Bligh sought to acquire the natives' British justice.

In last week's list of Books to Read, the publishers of W. S. Allen's *Dialogue and Depth* should have been given a full bridge University Press.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES, &c.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD Department of Libraries, Arts & Entertainment

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

to undertake professional duties in the Lending Library Services.

Appointments will be made at any point within AP Grades (£940-£1,355) depending on experience and qualifications.

Candidates giving the names of two referees to be addressed to The Director, Enfield Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, as soon as possible.

BOROUGH OF HOVE CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN

Owing to the promotion of the present Central Lending Librarian, Chartered Librarian, to the position of Assistant Librarian, the post of Central Lending Librarian is vacant. The successful candidate will be required to undertake the duties of the post on a full-time basis. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

Working conditions are good. Annual base \$30,000, staff 14, reservation 20,000, reciprocal photocopying. The appointment is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act and the N.J.C. conditions of service.

Further particulars from: Jack Dove, Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Church Road, Hove, BN3 2DJ, to whom applications should be sent with the names of two referees by 12th May, 1969.

JOHN E. STEVENS, Town Clerk.

BOARBOROUGH PUBLIC LIBRARIES REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for this appointment from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience. Salary £1485-£1715 but may commence above minimum. Housing allowance, also 50% removal expenses. Further details from Director, Central Library, Scarborough. Applications by 16th May 1969.

LIVERPOOL CITY LIBRARIES CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applicants must be Chartered Librarians and have experience of working with children. Liverpool City Libraries maintain a Central Junior Library, Children's Departments in Branch Libraries, and a comprehensive range of extension activities. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Central local government conditions apply, together with the payment of removal, etc., expenses in appropriate cases. Forms, returnable by the 16th May, 1969, are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, William Brown Street, Liverpool, L3 9EW.

STANLEY HOLMES, Town Clerk.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART LONDON S.W.7. DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL STUDIES TUTOR

to lecture to post-graduate art and design students on the history, theory and criticism of the Modern Movement in Art. An interest in, and a knowledge of, modern architecture, design and urbanism would be a valued advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience will be on the scale £20,257 to £21,367 (plus pension). Application form and further particulars are available from the Deputy Registrar, Royal College of Art, Kensington Gate, London, S.W.7.

NAGEL EDITIONS IN GENEVA/SWITZERLAND EDITOR - TRANSLATOR mother-tongue English, for monthly periodical (review) in English. Interesting work and permanent position for person with good literary style and having already worked with publication firm. Please send curriculum vitae and claim of salary to:

EDITIONS NAGEL S.A.
Case postale 65 CH-1211
Genève 7.

BOROUGH OF TAUNTON Borough Librarian

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Borough Librarian. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance. The successful candidate will be required to undertake the duties of the post on a full-time basis. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

Further details from: The Director, Taunton Library, The Quadrant, Taunton, Somerset, TA1 1AA, to whom applications should be sent with the names of two referees by 12th May, 1969.

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL REGIONAL LIBRARIAN WILTON

Salary £14,245 to £15,135 per annum. Application forms and details from the County Librarian, Marlborough Street, Trowbridge, Wilt.

WARRINGTON EDUCATION COMMITTEE WARRINGTON TECHNICAL LIBRARY APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

Librarian required from 1st August, 1969, to take charge of the general collection and to assist in the management of the library. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

WARRINGTON EDUCATION COMMITTEE WARRINGTON TECHNICAL LIBRARY APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

Librarian required from 1st August, 1969, to take charge of the general collection and to assist in the management of the library. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

WARRINGTON EDUCATION COMMITTEE WARRINGTON TECHNICAL LIBRARY APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

Librarian required from 1st August, 1969, to take charge of the general collection and to assist in the management of the library. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

RESEARCH AND P'ANNING OFFICER

for a Bibliographic Centre, Ontario University Libraries

Applications are invited for this position. Candidate should be a professional librarian of considerable background and experience in a position of responsibility in a university or other research library. The position requires an ability to organize and conduct research, and the candidate needs to possess qualities of imagination, initiative, clarity of thought and expression, and an awareness of current techniques of library service. The duties of the successful candidate will be to organize and conduct the research needed to establish a factual base for the further planning of the Ontario universities' Bibliographic Centre and to assist in that planning. He will be expected to make himself aware of the work that has already been accomplished and the progress already made in various forms of cooperation among Ontario universities in their libraries, graduate studies and other academic programmes, and research.

Applications for the position may be sent to the Chairman of the Advisory Joint Council (Ontario Council of University Librarians and Ontario Council on Graduate Studies), Dean Ernest Sirluck, School of Graduate Studies, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, Ontario.

UNIVERSITY OF NATAL DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LECTURER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the post of Lecturer in English Literature. The salary scale attached to the post is R2000-1500-R4500 per annum plus pensionable allowance at the rate of 10% of salary. The commencing salary on this scale will be dependent on the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. In addition to salary, a Vacation Savings Bonus is payable subject to Treasury regulations.

Application forms and further particulars of the post including leave conditions, staff benefits, etc., are obtainable from the Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Apou), 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications must be lodged not later than 25 May 1969.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

We require a suitably qualified or experienced person for this appointment in our Library which serves an establishment of 750 staff. The holdings comprise some 10,000 books with subscriptions to about 600 scientific journals. Duties will include supervision of the Reading Room, loan records and general enquiries. Salary within a range rising to £1,370 p.a.

Applications stating full relevant details and present salary to the Personnel Officer, Central Electricity Research Laboratories, Kew Avenue, Leatherhead, Surrey, as soon as possible. Quote Ref. TLS/125.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION BRITISH TECHNOLOGY INDEX

The British Association invites applications for the position of TECHNICAL INDEXER on the staff of the British Association. The post is a busy department in a building of 1908 vintage but modern internal appearance.

Further details from: The Secretary, The British Association, 1, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. Applications must be lodged not later than 25 May 1969.

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES Principal: F. N. HOGG, D.P.A., F.L.A.

Liaison & Training Officers

Applications are invited from experienced librarians (minimum qualification is either the Fellowship of the Library Association or a University degree and Association of the Library Association) for two posts in the Liaison & Training Department. Duties will include the organization of part of the College's programme of practical work and study tours, the supervision of students on attachment to British libraries, and liaison with libraries and other relevant bodies. Successful applicants will be full members of the Association of the College, will undertake some lecturing and will be involved with the provision of short courses in the College and elsewhere.

The salary for both posts will be for Grade II scale (£2,225-£3,250), and essential work allowances are provided. Further particulars of these posts are available and completed applications should be sent to the Registrar, College of Librarianship Wales, Aberystwyth, Ceredigion, Wales, (Tel. No. Aberystwyth 3843), by Friday, 30th May, 1969.

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